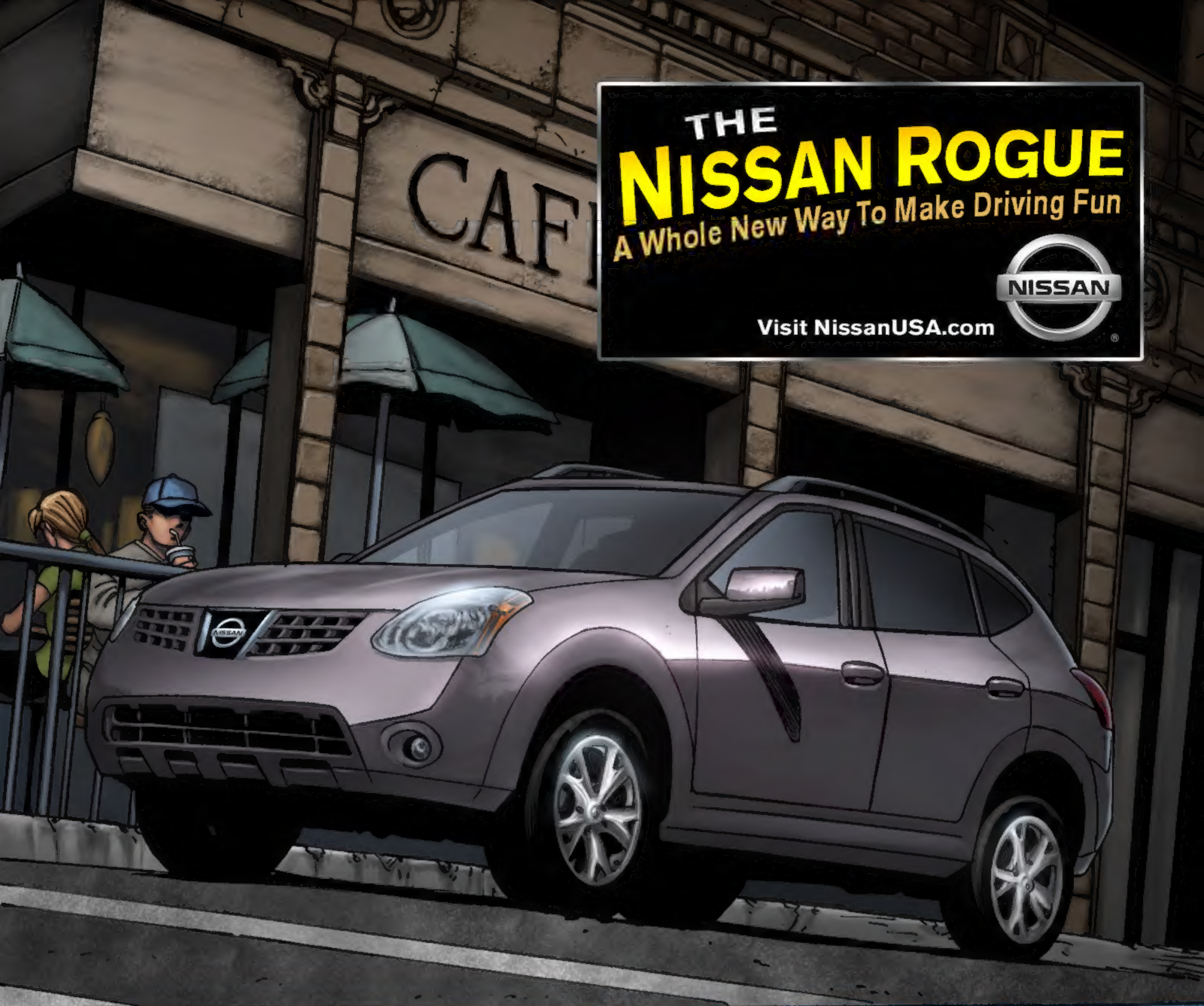


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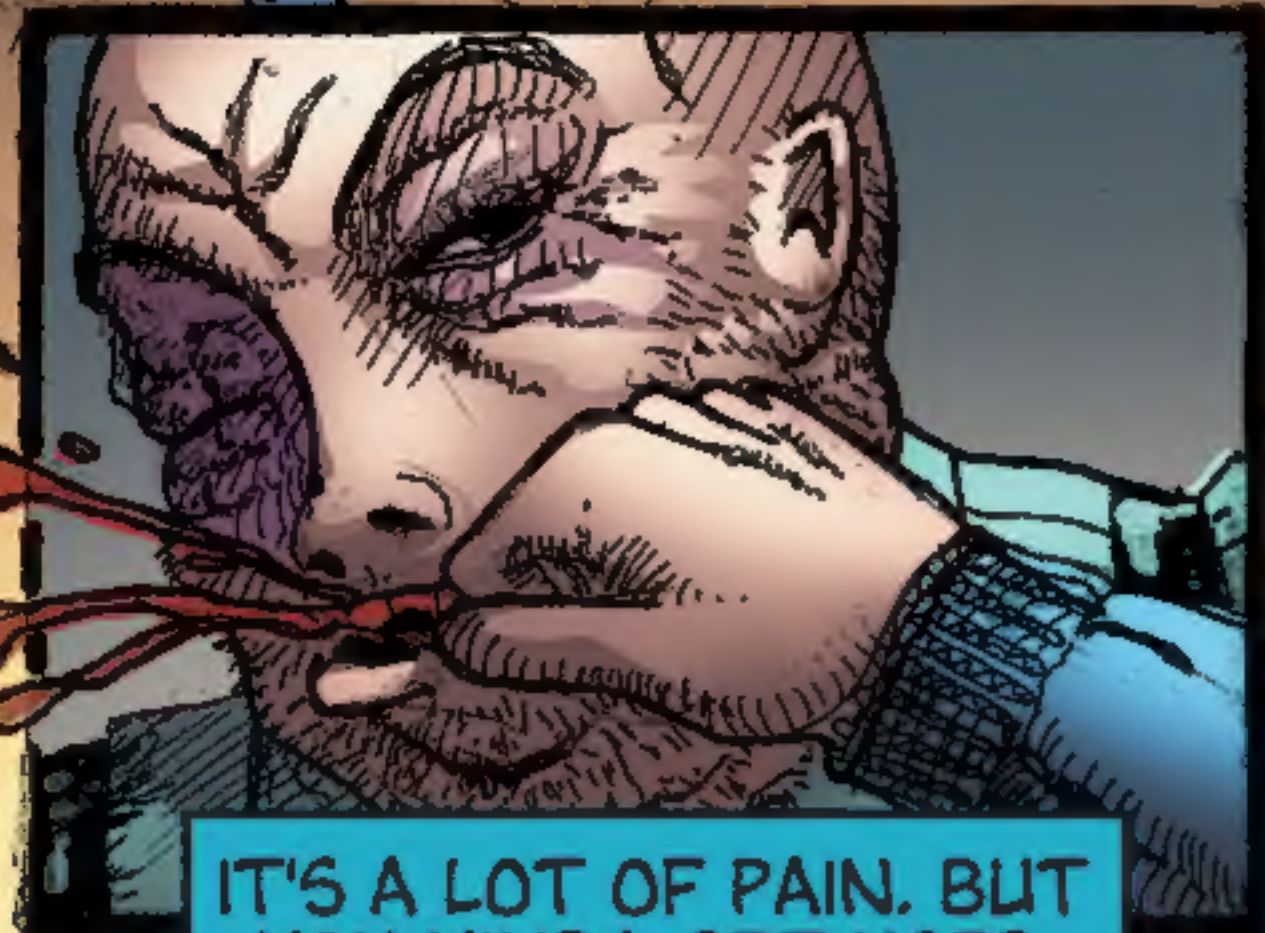


HEROES

CHAPTER 128

PUPPET with NO STRINGS

Eric Doyle, the sadistic puppet-master, can control people's bodies and actions with his power. He has spent most of the last two years in captivity in The Company's isolated "LEVEL 5." But on the night of the Primatech fire, he was freed by Noah Bennet. He fought and lost to Sylar. And then escaped in the inferno. We pick him up weeks later – as he encounters a new adversary!



IT'S A LOT OF PAIN. BUT YOU KINDA GET USED TO IT AFTER A WHILE.



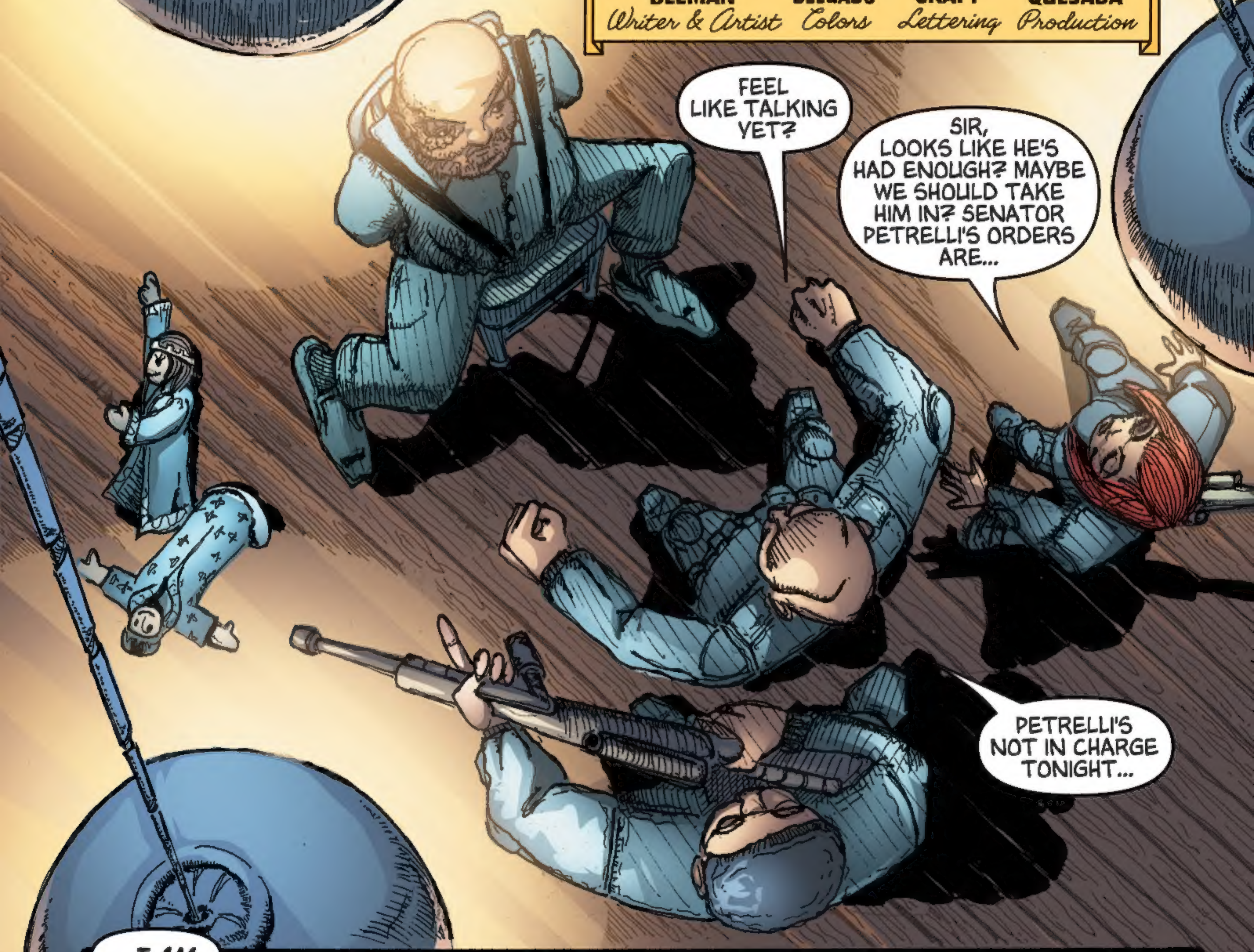
THERE'LL BE A SECOND OR TWO BEFORE THE NEXT FIST. A COUPLE OF GULPS OF AIR... THAT'LL HELP.



OKAY. THAT SHOULD BE IT FOR A MINUTE. NOW THE QUESTIONS WILL START UP AGAIN...

PUPPET WITH NO STRINGS

GREG BEEMAN	EDGAR DELGADO	COMIC CRAFT	NANCI QUESADA
<i>Writer & Artist</i>	<i>Colors</i>	<i>Lettering</i>	<i>Production</i>



FEEL LIKE TALKING YET?

SIR, LOOKS LIKE HE'S HAD ENOUGH? MAYBE WE SHOULD TAKE HIM IN? SENATOR PETRELLI'S ORDERS ARE...

PETRELLI'S NOT IN CHARGE TONIGHT...

...I AM.

SO. ONE LAST TIME, BEFORE I GET MAD. WHO ELSE WAS THERE? WHO ELSE SURVIVED?

THEY WANT MY STORY. BUT IT WON'T MAKE A DIFFERENCE. NO MATTER WHAT THEY'LL JUST LOCK ME UP. TORTURE ME. KILL ME.

LOOKS LIKE THE COMPANY IS BACK. BUT THIS IS A NEW BREED. MEANER... UGLIER.

WHY DIDN'T YOU JUST SAY YOU WANTED A STORY?

I'VE GOT A GOOD ONE. BUT I'VE GOT TO WARN YOU, THERE'S NO HAPPY ENDING.



MAYBE REBEL WAS WATCHING ME THAT NIGHT TWO MONTHS AGO AS *PINEHEARST* BURNED TO THE GROUND. I WAS SURE I WAS THE ONLY ONE ALIVE.

BUT THEN I SAW SOMEONE ELSE. LIKE A WOLF IN THE DISTANCE. HIS ANIMAL EYES RIPPED THROUGH THE DARKNESS RIGHT AT ME. BUT, THAT NIGHT AT LEAST, HE HAD OTHER THINGS ON HIS MIND.

YOU'D LOVE TO GET YOUR HANDS ON SYLAR WOULDN'T YOU? HE'S A WHALE. I'M A MINNOW.

WITH *THE COMPANY* BURNED TO THE GROUND, ALL THOSE YEARS OF FEAR LEFT ME, LIKE THE TIDE GOING OUT. THE JOY OF MY POWER CAME BACK TO ME JUST LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS. I COULD USE IT TO GET *ANYTHING* I WANTED...

MONEY...

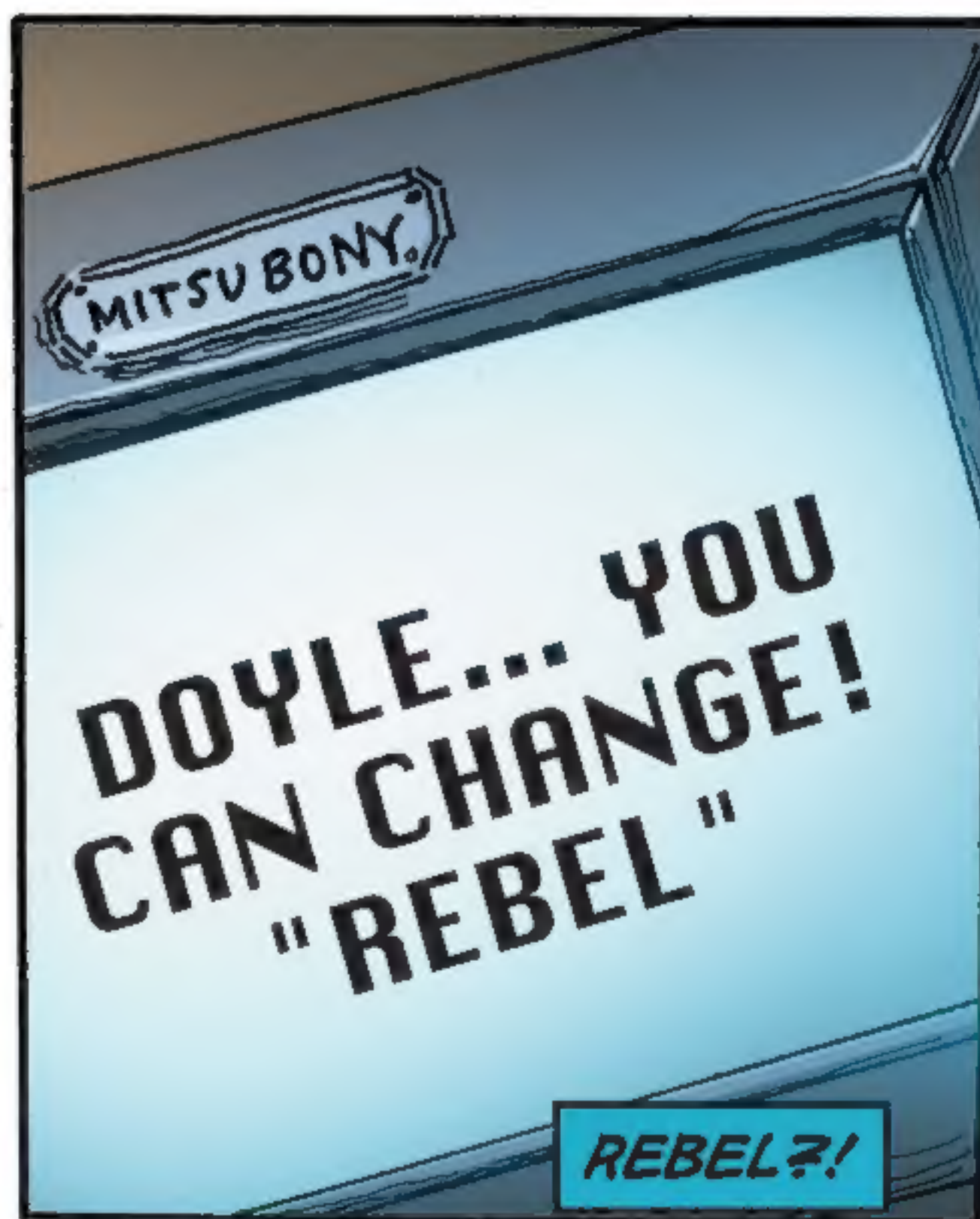
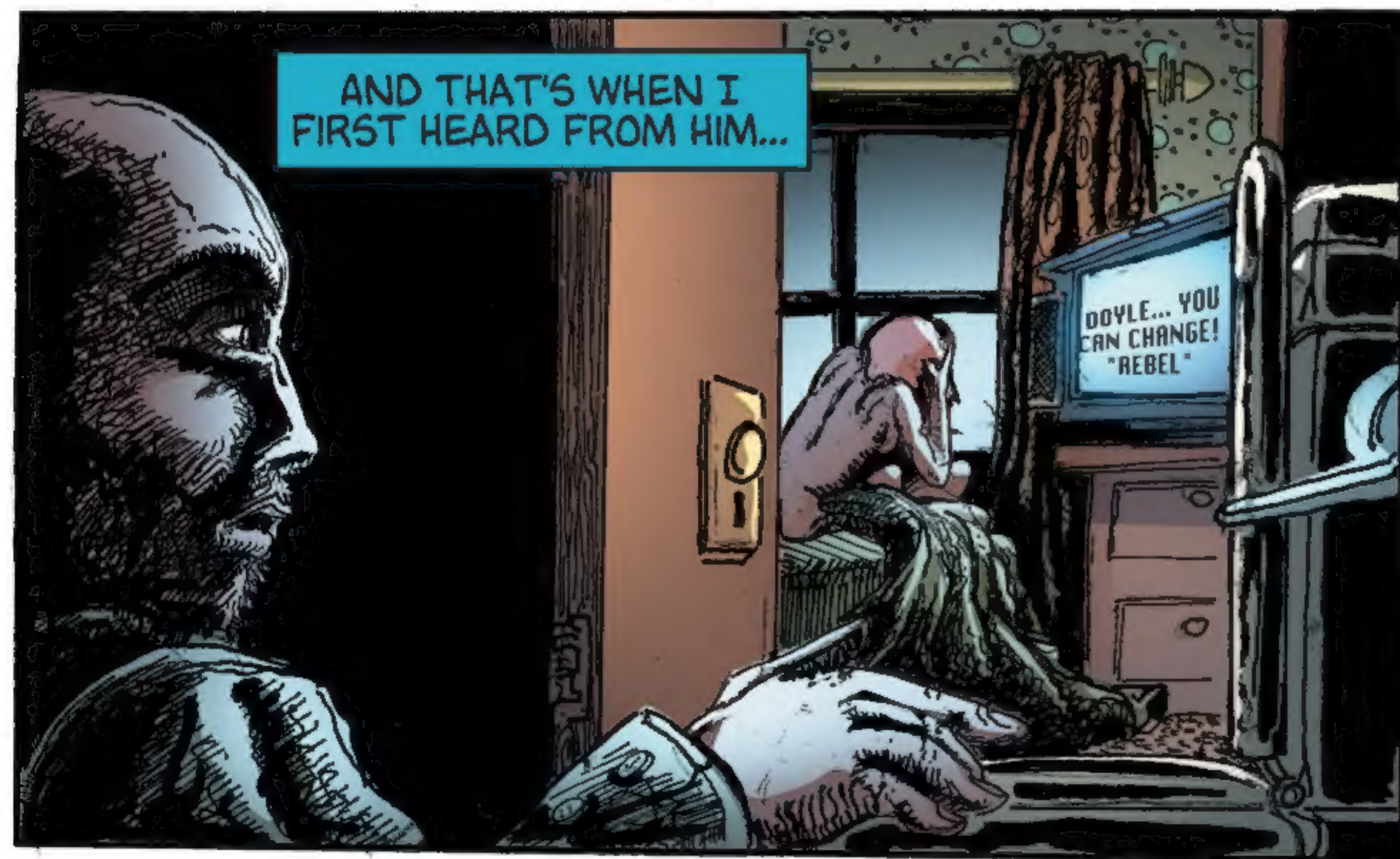
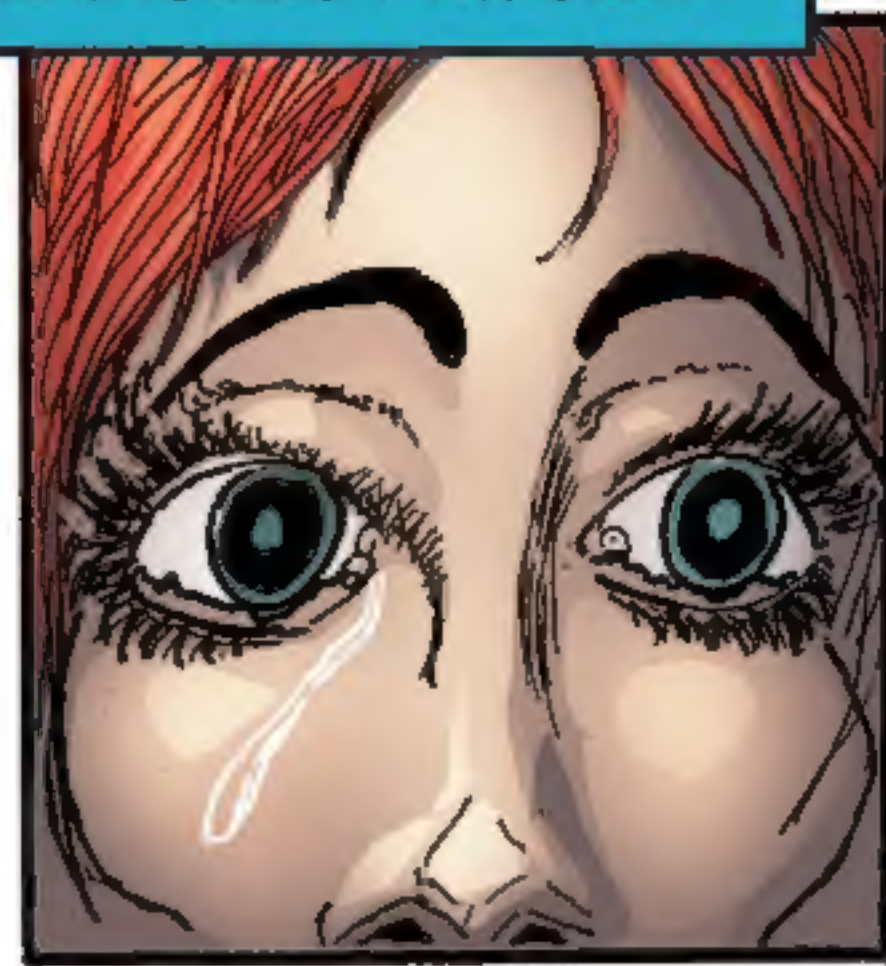
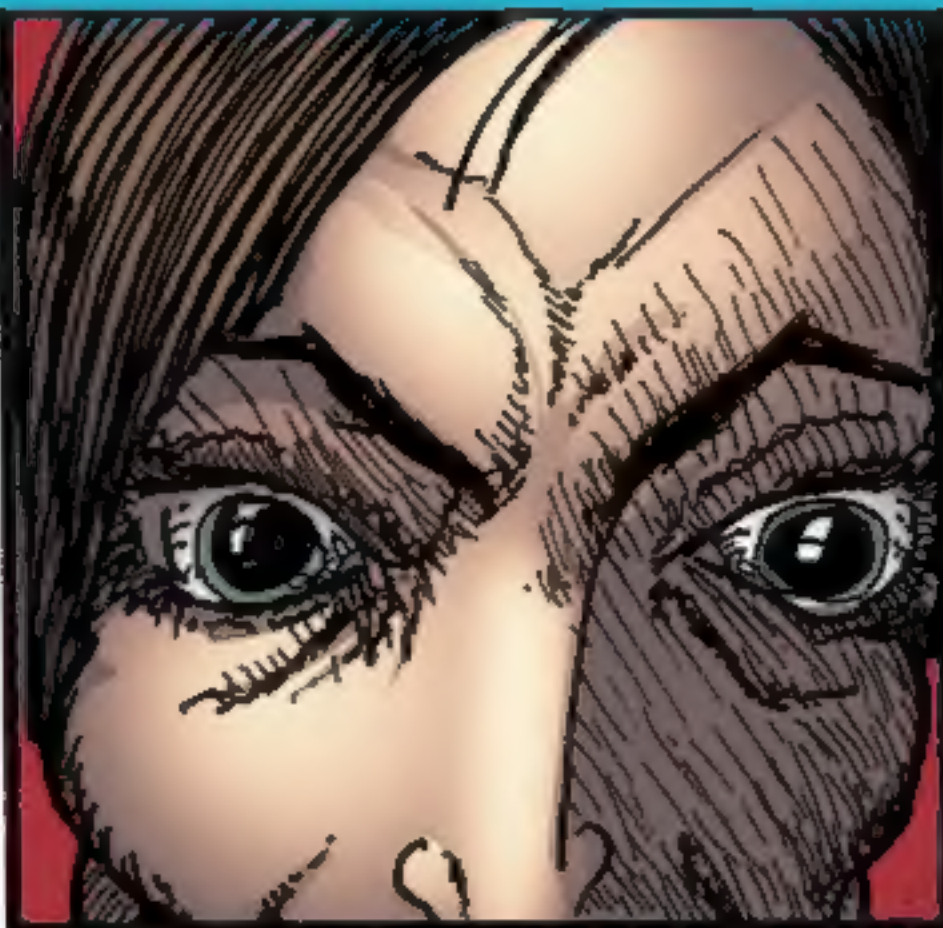
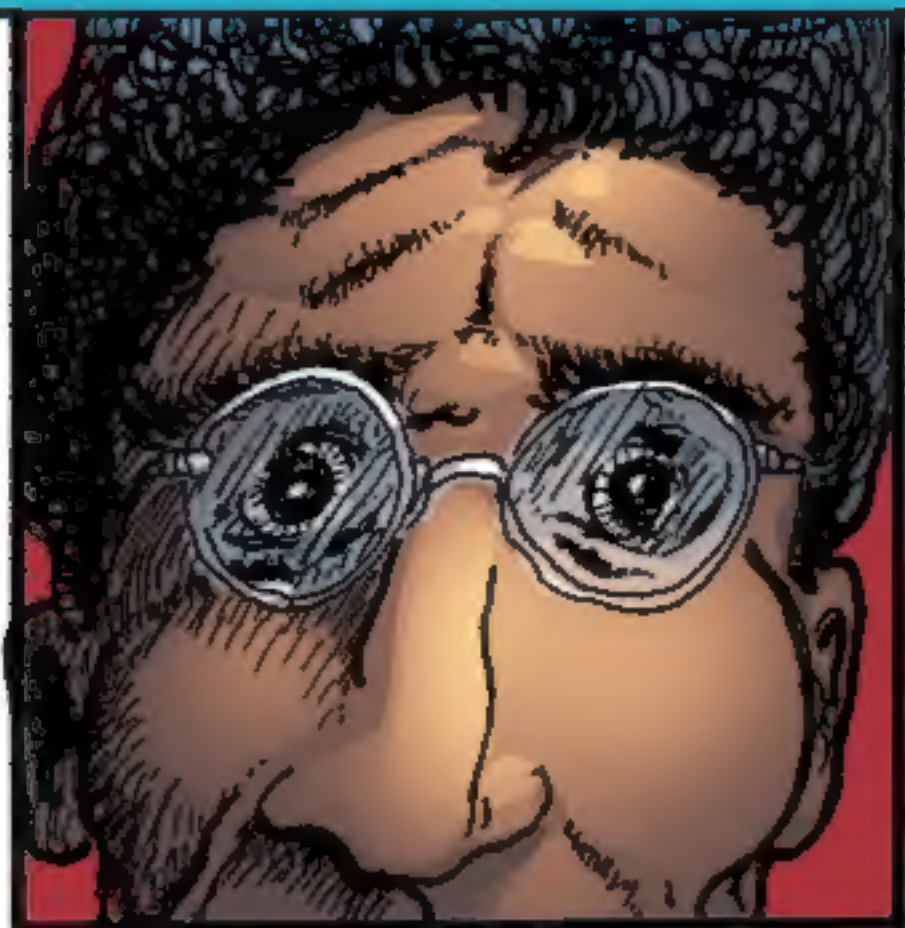
A CAR...

A PLACE TO LAY LOW...

A HOT MEAL...

ANYTHING!

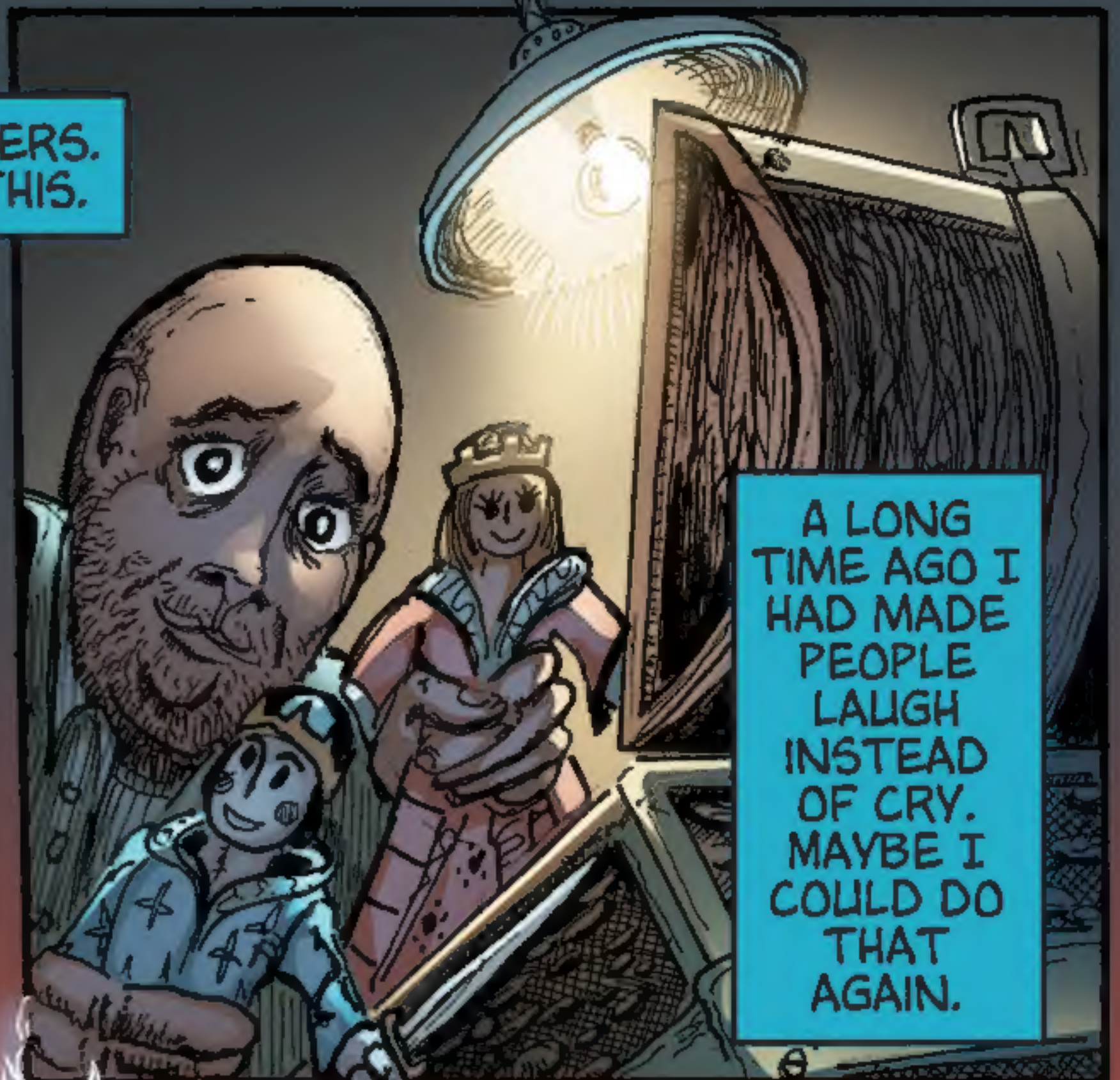
BUT EVEN WHEN YOU CAN GET ANYONE TO DO WHATEVER YOU WANT... YOU CAN'T STOP THEIR FACES. YOU CAN'T STOP THEIR EYES... I DISGUST THEM. AND THAT MADE ME DISGUST MYSELF.



MAYBE HE WAS RIGHT. MAYBE I **WAS** GOOD. MAYBE I **COULD** HELP. IF SO, I KNEW I HAD TO GO BACK TO THE ONLY PLACE THAT HAD EVER MADE ME HAPPY.



BEFORE THE POWERS. BEFORE ALL OF THIS.



A LONG TIME AGO I HAD MADE PEOPLE LAUGH INSTEAD OF CRY. MAYBE I COULD DO THAT AGAIN.

WHICH IS WHEN YOU NICE PEOPLE SHOWED UP.



YOU'RE REBEL, AREN'T YOU? YOU LIED AND TRICKED ME. YOU MADE ME HOPE AGAIN JUST SO YOU COULD GET ME BACK HERE AND CATCH ME.

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU. YOU'RE INSANE. THERE IS NO "REBEL." THANKS FOR THE TIP ABOUT SYLAR, THOUGH.

NOW -- TO FINISH UP THAT BUSINESS ABOUT YOU DYING IN A FIRE!



